

Dan: Hello, listeners! This podcast will be special because James here has been taking medication to treat his paranoid schizophrenia!

James: No, I've stopped taking it.

Dan: Yes. I know.

James: How?? Have you been reading my thoughts again??

Ben: Say 'yes', Dan.

Dan: Yes. I have.

James: Ok, why did I stop taking my meds, then?

Dan: Because the yellow colour is sun sweetcorn hahaha bee lemon hahaha.

James: How in God's name did you know that?

Dan (whispering to Ben): James wrote what I just said down on a piece of paper, screwed it up and threw it in a bin. Then I found the note.

James: What was that, Dan?

Dan: Oh, nothing, nothing.

James: Ok, you can read my thoughts then. But can you tell me what my note meant?

Dan: Errrrr....

James: Go on. Tell me, psychic Dan.

Dan: I guess... They're all things that are yellow....?

James: You're creepy.

Ben: Why did you make a list of lots of things that are yellow?

James: Be like the sun. The sun is warm. Happy.

Ben: But you always say you hate sunny weather...

Dan: James... why have you gone quiet? You look really angry...

James: All that work and for nothing!!

Dan: What?

James: All that work... about the sun being happy... the lemon, the bees, it makes

no sense!

Dan: Well... yeah...

James: Let me do some more thinking, I'm onto something, I know I am.

Dan: You have all the time in the world...

Ben: Good luck, James.

James: Right, so, sweetcorn sweetcorn sweetcorn...

Ben: I really would take your meds, James. I mean... how bad can they be?

James: When I take them I never have any special insights.

Ben: Insights on things that are yellow?

James: Right.

Ben: James, everyone knows what things are yellow. The only people who don't are blind people.

James: Errrr....

Ben: Is there any reason why you've suddenly gone mental on us? Even more than usual, I mean?

James: I was on a different medication before, but I've stopped taking that, too.

Ben: Why? And don't mention things that are yellow.

James: ...

Dan: James, when you took the meds and your voices went away, and you stopped accusing me of things I never did... Can you remember what that was like?

James: Of course.

Dan: Well be like that again!!

James: Make me.

Dan: It's funny you say that, because actually I CAN make you.

James: How?

Dan: By Calling a doctor.

James: Oh yeah.

Dan: So what do you say to that?

James: I say... I say... 'bleb'.

Dan: Awesome.

(A phone rings)

Caller: Hello, Doctor Tube, here.

Dan: Oh thank God.

Caller: You're not well, James.

James: I am.

Caller: No you're not. James, how about we make a deal?

James: Go on...

Caller: You take the pills I give you and you can do some honest work at a call centre. I've found a position for you.

Ben: How??

Caller: An act of charity on the part of the centre. I believe in you, James. You can do this.

James: You really think so?

Caller: Errr.... It's a risk, granted.

Dan: Just a risk? Can you actually imagine him in a call centre?? Can you imagine the kind of things he'd say??

James: Butter is yellow, too.

Caller: Yes! And so are bananas!

James: Yes, of course!

Ben: You can't be serious, Dr. Tube.

Caller: Deadly. I'm sure we'll see great progress with James after just a few days. In the meantime, some birds are yellow, too.

James: Yes!

Caller: I knew that would make you happy. Well, gotta go I guess. Bye!

Dan: Imagine you're in a call centre, right now.

James: Ok...

Dan: Hello, I would like to know more about your company.

James: Go ahead. Ask me any thing you want.

Dan: I just want to be sure I got the right number. What company am I calling, exactly?

James: Ummmmm....

Dan: You don't know what company you're working for?

James: Wowee. That's a tough one.

Dan: It's a very rudimentary question.

James: Bana...

Dan: No don't say banana, all I want to know is who I'm calling.

James: You're calling James's roofing company.

Dan: Ok great. And how much do you charge for roof repairs?

James: What's wrong with your dog?

Dan: What?

James: Fleas? A loss of appetite?

Dan: Ohhh I get it. Roof sounds like woof. You're thinking of so called 'dog repairs'. In other words treatments.

James: Your point being?

Dan: What do you think a roofer is?

James: A vet!

Dan: Ok. My dog has no appetite. What do I do?

James: Stop giving it dru...

Dan: No, first of all you said you don't know what company you work for and now you're accusing me of being a criminal. Who do I go to complain about you?

James: Bye.

Dan: Well, well, well. James working in a call centre. I can't wait for that.

Ben: Now, now, give him a chance. In a few days time I'm sure he'll be A ok.

Dan: You don't really believe that, do you?

Ben: Medications are very good now...

James: They taste like (expletive).

Dan: I'm warning you...

Ben: They're not supposed to taste nice, you're supposed to swallow them with water.

James: Why? Why can't they be made to taste nice?

Ben: I guess so you don't keep taking loads of them?

James: What's wrong with taking lots of meds?

Ben: Well... they could kill you...

James: Why in God's name do medication companies make pills that can kill you??

Ben: I don't think it's intentional...

James: Why then?

Ben: Too much of anything is bad.

James: Even things that make you better??

Dan: This isn't funny. Ok, fine, it's hypothetically possible to treat James's mental illness. But what you can't do is treat his chronic stupidity. Him working in a call centre? It will be a disaster, repeat a complete car crash.

James: I've done 85 podcasts, now. I'm also planning on starting my own radio station where I rate numbers sent in by the listeners! How about that?

Dan: Oh wow. Ok, how's this for a number?

James: Please, go on.

Dan: One, five, seven, eight, two.

James: Oh Dan, I expected better from you.

Dan: Why??

James: Where's the symmetry? The style? You didn't even bother repeating a single digit, were you even trying??

Dan: You come up with a good number, then.

James: Ok, I will. One, four, four, five, four, four, one.

Ben: You have to give to him, Dan, that WAS pretty good.

Dan: Fine it was pretty good, I SUPPOSE. Anyway, we're all out of time, so... Bye!

Ben: Bye!

James: Byeeeeeee!